

# Valiant Spirit

by Terror Dino

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Summary: Jack Taylor Commander of the Valiant Spirit must help in defending a small colonial world from the Covenant. Bewildered by there obsession with keeping the planet intact he and the crew of the ship try to hold them at bay and find the artifacts they seek.

## 1. The Calm

As i have over 400 hits on this chapter and under 50 for each of the following i'm presuming that my introduction is complete crap (which it probally is) but please, keep on reading and give me your feed back on the story, it does get better you know.

As always the disclaimer goes here:I do not own halo...There, now you happy?

\*\*Valiant Spirit \*\*

Commander Jack Taylor stood at the bridge of the USNC Valiant Spirit. His pride in his new promotion and assignment was quite evident as he strode over to the navigation.

"Lieutenant Holl have you prepared our jump vectors?" Jack said as he looked over the young officers shoulder.

"Yes Commander, in accordance with the Cole Protocol I have prepared seven random jump vectors before our final jump to Odyssey" replied Lieutenant Demetri Holl without ever talking his eyes off the console in front of him.

"Very good Lieutenant." He walked back to the commander's observation point at the back of the room, " All stations make ready for jump."

"Yes Sir" was the response from the bridge crew in unison.

Jack took this moment to observe his crew in action. Though they were young, he believed that they would all be fine reliable crew. Lieutenant Samantha Landry at Weapons, Lieutenant Rodger Carlson at Helm, Demetri at the Navigation and David Jefferson at Engineering. He watched as each of them ensured that the systems they were in charge of were ready for the jump into slipspace, and felt proud to be in command of such fine Officers.

He was also proud to be in command of such a fine ship. The Valiant Spirit was the most recent ship constructed at Earth since the fall of Reach. It boasted two small mag cannons, which although weaker than the standard mag cannon were able to fire 5 shots in quick succession each, two-hundred and forty-two Archer missile pods, forty Duel 50mm Chainguns for point defense, and twelve Shiva nuclear warheads. It was 1.5km long and was just as durable as a Marathon cruiser and with a deadlier bite. It is the first in its class and already several Admirals in Fleet Com have been demanding that Valiant class cruisers be mass produced. It houses twelve Pelicans, two Albatross and eight Longswords in two hangers, one on the port side and one on the starboard side of the ship.

For any ground sortie which they might become involved in seven-hundred and fifty marines and one hundred Orbital Drop Ship Troopers (more lovingly known as the Helljumpers) with an assortment of Warthogs of all varieties, Mongooses, 2 Scorpion tanks, 2 Rhino artillery tanks and 6 Sparrow Hawks for close air support. All in all the Valiant Spirit was a ship not to be messed with and the thought of this brought a slight smile to his face.

"Sir all Stations are ready and waiting," Lieutenant Carlson said as he looked up at the commander from his station.

"Good," he said more to himself than the crew as he approached the comm on his chair. "This is Commander Taylor to all hands, I want all non essential crew who are not all ready in cryo to get a move on, and to those who are going to be keeping me company for the next two weeks to brace for the jump to slipspace in five minutes." Turning off the comm he looked back to Carlson, "Jump in five".

"Yes  
Sir."

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\_My Dearest Joanna, \_

\_Our two weeks have passed by rather quickly and with only a few hours until we reach Odyssey, I am glad that nothing major has happened, which left me with some valuable time to write this. The only real hiccup was Petty Officer Hong slipping in the engine room and fracturing his arm, nothing serious mind, but unfortunately he was carrying out a routine inspection of one of the conduits supplying the cryo tubes with power, and inadvertently knocked off twelve pods, so the mess hall was full of some very colourful words at chow time as the Helljumpers told stories about their escapades.\_

\_But enough of that how are you. Are the crew of the Raining Night treating you well? I know it can be tough being the new officer on

board a ship. It makes me glad that my own crew and I are all new on board. I understand why you turned down my offer for a place here and I am sorry for what I said and I do hope you forgive me for that.\_

\_I cannot wait for you response to come and remember, no matter what happens, i will always love you.\_

\_Jack.\_

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"Sir, all crew are thawed and ready and we will be exiting slipspace in five minutes." Carlson said as jack stepped onto the bridge.

"Good, have all final checks been checked and re-checked?"

Jack once again approached the railing at the observation point, he was growing fond of observing all of his young officers at work and was silently thanking the designer who thought of having this elevation.

"Checked, re-checked and then check again for good measure Sir." His bridge officers replied in unison, it was quickly becoming a quirk Jack like.

"Sounded a little bit too rehearsed, but I'll let it slide. This time." He said with a slight grin on his face and although he could not see his crews faces he new that they where all smiling too.

"Sir, exiting in  
5,4,3,2,1."

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Author's Notes:This is my first ever halo fanfic so please be kind. Also your Reviews sustain me, without them i will die. Seriously!

## 2. The Story So Far

\*\* Disclaimer: If you think I own the universe in which im writing i think you need to get out from under your rock. \*\*

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\*\*The Story So Far\*\*

"Relax Sir. There was just a slight malfunction of the cryo tubes.

You will feel a little disorientated due to the rapid reanimation but it will pass soon."

The man quickly pushed away the tech as he attempted to help him to his feet, and threw up the horrible concoction that had sustained him though his sleep. He then used the pod to prop himself up before examining his surroundings. To his right where four equally disorientated men, to his left, seven more where emerging from there own pods and he presumed they where going to be in as bad as shape as him.

"Explain to me please will you?" he got up with a deliberate slowness until he came level with the tech."Why are eleven of my men and I currently out of stasis ? And I'm telling you now, it better be good."

"Well Sir, ahem. There was a small malfunction with the cryo bays power supply, so in order to insure that you and the others would not suffer any injures we had to,ahem, quick defrost you."

After uttering those last two words the tech immediately wished he didn't, as the man in front of him simply stared at him, and for reasons he couldn't quite place it made him scared to the bone. The man then simply walked over to some of the other men why had went though his own fate.

"Jesus. Of all the pods to fail, it had be the Helljumpers. And the Major would have to be among them." the tech thought to himself as he approached one of the other soldiers being took out of cryo.

The man the tech identified as the Major had approached the men to his left first, as they seemed to be more alert then those on his right.

"On your feet soldiers!"

With this command the four men in front of him and those on the left, to his surprise, all came to attention almost immediately. Only those most recently defrosted took an extra second to rise.

"I want you all to co-operate with these Techies, that is of course, only if you think you need a few minute's gather yourself. Those who are feeling all right will suit up and report to the chow hall for a nice hot meal." The major then turned towards the locker room and was immediately followed by the eleven other men to the techs astonishment.

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"So Major I do trust you and your men are keeping your noses clean on board my ship." Jack asked the Major as he entered his quarters to be debriefed on the task at hand.

"Yes Sir, just been telling your boys a few bedtime stories." replied Major Joesph Quantain, veteran of the battle for Harvest and one of the few survivors of Reach.

"Nothing to give them nightmare's I hope."

"Maybe one or two."

Both men looked right at each other with a steel resolve until finally Jack smiled. "I can never win these little matches of ours, can I Joe?"

With a smile now growing across his face the Major replied, "Never could Jack, never will my friend."

"Sit down, let us get to our task at hand."

Joe walked over to the chair opposite Jack and sat down.

"Now what I'm going to tell you now is only known by a few at Oni, my Bridge crew and myself." Jack gave his words a few seconds to sink in. "We are going to a planet, Odyssey, originally nothing but a small outer rim world with over two million Humans living there. But as of twenty days ago that population increased a few million, as the Covenant decided to take up residents, to the dismay of the current residents. Luckily for them a few of the Oni spooks where floating around on some sort of mission when the Covenant arrived, and relayed the information back to FleetCom. As bad as it sounds, nothing was going to be done about it, FleetCom reasoned that no ships where close enough to respond before the planet would be glassed, and they ordered the spooks to hang around and observe the attack. Then the Covenant done something no one expected, they done nothing. Then a massive ship and several escorts arrived on the third day. And the ships which had first arrived then jump out of system. Now the fact that they done nothing for three days got FleetCom on the edge of there seats, but the arrival of the ship and its escorts and the immediate departure of the other ships had them running circles trying to figure out what they where doing. Then with the Spartans return from Reach, they got there answer. Everyone knows that Reach was glassed but only a few know that some of the planet was left untouched as the Covenant began to dig deep into the ground. The Spartans who where trapped within the Oni base there, discovered ancient ruins, we believe Forerunner in origin, and a small device which affected slipspace in some way. Now the Covenant must have really wanted this devise if they didn't glass part of the planet, and with Odyssey untouched it must be real important whatever it is there looking for."

Joe slowly digested what he had heard, and could not help but wonder if his Helljumpers on Reach had escaped being glassed to give the covenant as much trouble as they could.

"I see, so where being sent to get whatever it is there looking for?"

"Exactly."

"How much of this am I to tell my men?"

"Every thing relating to the recovery of whatever it is the covenant are looking for, but nothing about FleetCom's original plan to abandon the planet or about Reach."

"Yes Sir... What is our plan of attack?"

"We are jumping in near to the outermost planet in the system where the Oni spook ship, Occult, will meet us. They assure us that the Covenant will not be able to detect us there due to several sensor jammers they've set up. We are then to assemble our forces in preparation for the fight in space and the fight on the ground. The Occult has informed us that the Marines planet side are still putting up a fight in two of the larger cities. Apparently the Covenant are refusing to use their ships cannons for fear of destroying whatever it is there looking for. Meaning that at least when where planet side we wont have to worry about orbital bombardment. Now as for getting your troops plant side we have a problem, we only have twelve Pelicans and two Albatrosses."

"Thats not nearly enough to get even half of our troops down to the planet."

"I know, and thats why this ship was chosen for this mission, where going to land in between the two cities that are putting up a fight and unload everything we got before talking off again to fly support."

"That's a bit risky isn't it?"

"Yes, but this ship had this type of deployment in mind when being built. What better way to ensure that the dropships avoid as much ground fire as possible then delivering them straight to the ground ourselves. But of course these means we have to deal with the large Covenant carrier and its escorts first."

"Any help form the Occult in doing this?"

"As a matter of fact yes. The Occult has planted twelve small nuclear mines that have been programmed to slowly drift towards the Covenant."

"And my Helljumpers?"

"You will split your troopers in half and jump in while we are engaging the ships in orbit that survive the mines, sending one group to one city and the other to the other city to assist the marines still fighting."

"Yes Sir."

"Any other questions?"

"Not at the moment."

"Then get you troops ready for the assault their being taking out of cryo as we speak."

"Yes  
Sir"

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Authers Notes: I'm not quite sure if my dialogue here is correct in terms of formatting and i hope it wasnt a bit long winded in parts.

Anywhoo more to come as soon as i get the free time to write it.  
Cheers for talking the time to read this now please review.

### 3. Giddy excitement and beautiful lines

Disclaimer: Halo aint mine, but this  
is.

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**\*\*Giddy excitement and beautiful lines\*\***

"Alright Marines, you heard the Major, get to it!" Sgt Thompson shouted as he got his men ready for the task at hand. His Fire Team had been attached to Lt. Chung's group that was going down planet side to assist the Marines still fighting on the ground.

"Hay Top, don't you think its a bit strange that the Covies want this artifact thingy so much, yet there are only seven ships in orbit." Pvt. FC. O Conner said as they walked towards the armory.

"Not our job to think about these things O Conner, besides would you rather that there where more of em. Maybe a fleet would satisfy you?" Thompson quipped ,the rest of the marines in the squad then took up where the Sargent left off, fabricating fleets which might make O Conner feel better about the situation. Yet in truth the idea was nagging at him to. If this thing is so important why was there so few ships in the system, something must have been up. But he hoped that they'd be long out of the system by the time something happened.

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"Sir the Occult is requesting permission to dock." Lt Carlson said as he looked up at the Commander.

"Permission granted let them on  
board."

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The two commanders where sitting in the briefing room off the bridge. The Occult's Commander Paul Cackler, updated Jack on the Covenant's recent activity.

"So as you know, the Covenant have deployed a massive force on the ground, we estimate around two million. The ships that are here are the same as those which arrived after the initial ships departed. We have detected no long range communication from any of the ship's, so we presume that they don't want this to spread though out their fleet,"

"Have you picked up anything on the short range as to why?"

"No there is very little ship to ship communication , only updated fleet positioning and the like. But we have spotted a modified Phantom traveling from ship to ship."

"Very secretive aren't they?"

"Yes it is very strange alright."

The two commanders continued to talk for another thirty minutes. Cackler was in the middle of describing the positioning of the Covenant ships when the com activated.

"Commander's, the marines are ready to go, and the mines are only twenty minutes away from the Covenant."

"Rodger that, give the call to stations. We are going to engage in twenty-one minutes." Jack turned off his com and looked at Cackler, "Better return to your ship and keep watch. We're going to need you lot to keep watch for incoming Covenant ships."

"Will do, and sorry we cant help further."

And with that the two Commander's shook hands and departed for their bridge's.

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The minutes appeared to be hours. The bridge was full of a giddy excitement, being contained within the well trained officer's, only the fire in their eyes betrayed them. No one on the bridge was safe from the moment and all were in fierce anticipation for the up coming conflict. For once they would no longer be on the defensive.

All ready, all willing. They would not fail the people of this world.

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Several small objects slowly drifted towards the unsuspecting vessels. A few craft come closer, curiosity getting the better of them. All at once the small objects accelerated towards the larger craft. Upon the realization that these where not simple rocks, but something far more dangerous, a few ships attempted to evade the oncoming objects. But to no avail. Thousands of lives extinguished in a few moments. Amid the confusion, no one realized the approaching vessel from the shadow of a near-by moon. Only when blue streaks flashed across the void between the entities and the fire that emerged at the end of the beautiful line, did the remaining ships glow a spectacular sliver.

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\_\*\*Author's Note.\*\*\_

Hope you all liked that one. Not able to update it as much as i would like to due to several reasons, but trust me i will update. Any way hope you all review, talk cha later. Terror Dino

#### 4. A Thing Of The Past

I dont own Halo, but if i did, it would probelly be the best larger in the world.

**\*\*A Thing Of The Past\*\***

"Direct Hit Sir, three cruiser's and the carrier remaining."Landry said with excitement in her voice.

"Capacitors are now fully charged, both salvo's are ready to fire."

"Good. Carlson swing us back around that moon. Jefferson drop a sensor here to relay video feed. Landry I want a firing solution to hit the nearest cruiser's, full salvo each. Use the telemetry from the probe to estimate and update accordingly, we'll be coming back around that way."

And with that the crew shot into action.

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"Hay Top, feels like the fun has just started." Pvt O Connor said as he stood by his drop pod.

"I really hate this part. You know, the wait. Ours lives in the hands of other people." Corporal Kingston added.

"Haha, yaaaa. When are our lives not in the hands of other people King?"Pvt Oudekirk said as he looked at Kingston from his pod.

"Quit yer chit-chat, this ain't the time for a downer . So check your gear and ensure its all good to go, I am not, having one of you burn on entry." Sgt Thompson said as he checked over Pvt Reilly's pod.

"You know Sarge, I do know what I'm doing. There's no need to be going over my pod." Reilly said as she looked at Thompson, with slight annoyance on her face.

"Your as green as fuck Reilly, just want to make sure."He then pulled forward the padding to reveal the compartment behind it "And what are you doing without your survival gear?"

"Oh Shit." was all she could manage as she ran to the armory to retrieve her gear.

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The three smaller vessel's formed into a delta pattern around the larger craft, caught by surprise they where easy to dispatch. But now they where ready, now they wanted revenge.

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"Sir, from what I can gather the Covenant have formed into a rough diamond pattern." Jefferson said while not taking his eye's off the monitor's in front of him.

"Are they approaching?"

"Affirmative Sir."

"Excellent. Landry status on the mines we layed."

"It doesn't seem like they've spotted them yet."

" We will wait until they are right on top of them, then we'll use the confusion of their detonation to strike the cruiser's on the flank's of the carrier, once that's done we pull back here again to come around the other side of the moon at full speed, to hit the carrier from the exposed side."

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In preparation for the upcoming salvo the mag cannons on the Valiant Spirit slowly moved by a few degree's. While this type of movement may seem pointless, and it is for close quarters, over a distance, these type of adjustments allowed the ship to strike two foes at once without having to turn the entire vessel.

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"Sir there on top of the mines, triggering...Now."

"Carlson,  
go!"

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As the once shadowy moon was basked in light from the near-by explosions, the second ambush was triggered. The Valiant Spirit emerged and fired two salvo's of three, each round finding it's intended target. The shields now gone two more salvo's, this time missiles, impacted on the vessels, ripping them apart. With this part of the plan accomplished, the Valiant retreated back to the moon, being followed now by the last cruiser, it's enraged Ship Master abandoning the carrier in hope of avenging his falling brothers.

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"Sir we've got a tail. Incoming plasma!" Holl shouted as the G's from the rapid turn attached him to his chair.

"Incoming from the Occult, looks like more Covenant ship's entering the reign." Jefferson yelled when Holl had finished.

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Six bright flash's appeared to the port side of the Valiant Spirit. Six more cruiser's to deal with. But, for a few seconds at least, they where of no threat. Their target coming into view, the mag cannons roared as they emptied round after round, until they had no more charge to fire again. The large carrier, a thing of the past.

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**\*\*\_Author's note:\_\*\*** Just wanted to say thanks to Electromotive Force and FatDude for reviewing, and i personally recommend Electromotive's stories you should cheak them out. One thing though thats been nagging me, am i spelling Covenant right? Or is it Covenant? Any way hope you all enjoyed the chapter. Please review if you enjoyed it and if you didnt review anyway and tell me why not.

Later's, Terror Dino

## 5. What Are We Going To Take?

I OWN HALO!!!! 'knock on door, handed a court order' bugie own's halo not me.'suited man leaves, his job done for the day.'

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**\*\*What are we going to take?\*\***

The blue sphere edged closer and closer to the human vessel, its owner not far behind, intent on destroying the one who had killed its brother's. The new comer's releasing not only there plasma, but also small tear drops, for the sorrow for their lost brother's, for the revenge on those who took them from them, which all converged on the lone human ship. The Ship Master's all jocking with each other for the kill, for the honor of destroying a formidable foe.

As the human vessel dodged several torpedo's, two of which struck glancing blows across the hull, the Seraph fighter's swarmed the vessel. All at once the void between the Valiant Spirit and the Seraph's was filled with round after round from the 50mm Chainguns, those that where not destroyed outright dispersed into a more lax formation to decrease causality's, tho this spelt doom for a few, as they veered into the income plasma due to gross pilot error.

The Valiant once again rounded the moon in an attempt to get a

position on the attacking vessel's. It's opportunity came when a cruiser failed to see the remains of the carrier and flew into another as it attempted to dodge. Although not causing any damage to either ships, it caused the six new comers to slow down for fear of a collision, this gave the Valiant enough room to get a position on the last of the planet's original guard and, after once again dodging incoming plasma , gave the cruiser five mac rounds, to end its grievance for it's falling brother's.

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"Report!" Jack shouted over the sound of various alarms, still standing at his observation point, but visibly strained from holding the railing tight during the twists and turns as they dodged the plasma.

"No direct hits sir, but two plasma bolts glanced off the bow, and a meter of armor was burned of." Holl began the report, followed by Carlson.

"Sir the control's are starting to feel a bit sluggish"

"All the acceleration dodging the plasma bolts has caused a reactor overload, the techs had to take it off line for fear of a meltdown. You should have normal control again in five minute's." Jefferson not only answered Carlson but also delivered his report.

"Five minutes! We'll be nothing but slag in five minutes if we cant dodge anything!"

"Carlson calm down!" Jack understood where Carlson was coming from, but he had to retain a detached calm, they all did if they wanted to survive.

"Sorry Sir."

"Landry?"

"Sir our starboard Mac cannon is taking much longer to charge then normal, I believe that one of the plasma torpedo's fried the power couplings."

"Yes, I can confirm that, crew's have already been dispatched to reroute the power supply." Jefferson confirmed Landry's assumption.

"Landry make ready to launch three of the Shiva's into the Covenant formation, Carlson I want you to make a break for the planet were going to," he was cut of mid sentence by Holl.

"Sir the Occult is giving us the heads up more Covenant in system...Jesus..."A new sense of morbid urgency entered his voice. "Sir one Battle Ship, two Assault Carrier's and 7 more cruiser's inbound!"

"Make for the planet at once where going to continue as planned, but I want the marines ready for a fight when we land. We wont be able to take off again. Jefferson reprogram the S.I. to priority target

dropships when we land, we don't want any breaches. Landry launch those nuke's. Carlson gun it!"

(Synthetic Intelligence, similar to that of an A.I. but without it's own personality. Although the lack of personality and independent thinking made them lack ingenuity, they where ideal for remedial task's. They where adopted into the USNC as a cheep way to replace Dumb A.I.'s in non essential area's such as point defense on vessel's and running cryo chamber's.)

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"Shit, I think I'm going to get sick if this ship turns like that again." A visibly shook up Reilly moaned as she removed her helmet.

"Reilly for the last time quit your moaning, and for the love of God, put that goddamn helmet back on!" Thompson shouted but just as he finished the red light in the drop bay came on. "Get that helmet on, and everyone, into your pods!"

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A large woman entered the bay, standing at 6ft3, she was taller then Thompson by four inches. Only one woman on this ship was that size and she addressed her marines.

"Listen up. Where dropping into the country side next to the city Minos. It seems like the Covenant

decided they where sick of the cramped conditions of their ship's, so they went to live in the wide open country side with all that fresh, crisp air. But low and behold, they got sick of all that fresh air. Now they want to be snug again within the city. They want to take the city form the hard working folks who built it. Are we going to let them?"

"Sir, no, Sir!" The voice's of fifty marines replied in unison.

"Are we going to see a Grunt sitting in a trendy cafe being served by a human?"

"Sir, no, Sir!"

"Are we going to take orders from some two bit Elite who think there better then us?"

"Sir, no, Sir!"

"Are we going to take a Prophet to church in our cab's?"

"Sir, no, Sir!"

"What are we going to take?"

"Sir, Covenant head's, Sir!" A young marine at the back of the room

shouted out.

"What are we going to do?"

"Sir, kick some Covenant ass, Sir!" Kingston answered this time.

"Where are we going to take them?"

"Straight to Hell!" Once again answering in unison.

"Where?"

"Sir, Hell, Sir!"

"See you at Minos. Wooraaa!"

"Wooraaa!"

And with that, fifty pods sealed their occupants within them. And Lt. Chung hoped there'd be fifty with their boots on solid ground in a few moments. Their fun, was just beginning.

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Author's Note: Jesus i kinda cant belive I'm still writing this. Normally i get bored or distracted by something shiny, and by shiny I mean game and by bored I mean pissed off with. Thanks once again to Electomotive Force for the feed back and to all the other's out there who have read this story and keep on reading. So to sum up thank you, no please review if your logged in.

End  
file.